

chair like that in my day or yours. Once I saw that man in that chair. It was Saturday night, after a delightful afternoon with him at his home in upper Norwood. He said: "When you are gone, I am going to get something to feed my chickens with tomorrow." That was, he was to select his text about six o'clock Saturday night, and then in thirty minutes to prepare his sermon, which he delivered to thousands next day. That was his way; to fill up the cask with the Bible, turn on the spigot, and let it run. We went into his study—that great workshop whose work has gone around the world—and we had a prayer, and when I had finished he was in such pain with his neuralgia that he could not even kneel down. He sat at the end of the table, and dropped his head between his hands and began to call on God like a child at its mother's knee, simple, fervent, gasping, glorious. When he had done, I said to Dr. Newman Hall, who was with me: "Newman, did you ever hear such a prayer as that in all your born days?" "Never, never," was his reply. That was the time he got into secret power. A man who could pray like that could influence the world.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

#### "AS UNTO THE LORD."

She was only a poor, plain, freckled woman, whose clothes were of the fashion her mother might have worn, yet day by day as she busily plied her iron, many a humble neighbor would stop by her door to listen to the quaint old hymns she sang so vigorously.

My good woman said Mrs. G——, who had called to engage her services, "how can you stand all day in this hot room always ironing, and yet singing so cheerily?"

"Ah, my dear lady," she replied, "the Lord has given me this work to do; so when I'm tired and out of sorts I say to myself that verse about doing things heartily, as unto the Lord, and try to think how I'd feel if I could see him standing by my side and He knew I had an unwilling heart for his tasks. Then I sing my brightest hymns, and while my iron smooths out the wrinkles in the clothes I'm planning how to smooth out the rough places in my neighbors' lives.

"There's poor Granny Jones, left alone all day. She's crippled with rheumatics, and nearly blind too. When I sing it cheers her up a bit, and she feels as if some one cared for her.

"Little Tommy Green in the room above me has a weakness in his back and lies on his cot-bed from morning till night. His mother works in a factory and doesn't come home till dark. When he's lonely

and sick with the pain, he pounds on the floor with a stick and I sing the hymns he likes best, and he lies quiet and hums them over to himself till he falls asleep. Then once in a while I slip up with a cup of water and bits of picture papers that come wrapped round the clothes, and give him a pleasant word. Ah, ma'am, the Lord's so good to me I must try to help them that have few blessings."

And this thankful woman lived in a little hot room, spending her whole life ironing and smoothing out wrinkles for others. What shall we render unto the Lord for all His mercies to us?—*Christian Life.*

### Home Circle.

#### THE REASON WHY.

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

I know a little maiden who is always in a hurry.

She races through her breakfast to be in time for school;

She scribbles at her desk in a hasty sort of flurry,

And comes home in breathless whirl that fills the vestibule.

She hurries through her studying, she hurries through her sewing,

Like an engine at high pressure, as if leisure were a crime;

She's always in a scramble, no matter where she's going,

And yet—would you believe it?—she never is in time.

It seems a contradiction, until you know the reason,

But I'm sure you think it simple, as I do, when I state

That she never has been known to begin a thing in season,

And she's always in a hurry, because she starts too late,

—*Sunday School Visitor.*

#### A WRECKED LIFE.

Some time ago, says an exchange, a man about fifty years of age left his brother's house alone and apparently empty-handed, and did not come back. From a letter received soon after, and from his well-known discouraged state of mind, his going was sadly interpreted by friends, and they feared the worst. It was one of those "mysterious disappearances," the readiest explanation of which is despair and suicide.

The man was a skilled artisan, and an inventor whose patented devices had again and again brought profit to his employers; but his mental working power was gone, and his hand had lost its cunning. Strong drink, that years ago made him its slave, had left him useless when hardly past his prime. With a lady, one of his neighbors, he conversed freely a little while before his disappearance, and this is the substance of what he said:

"I wish the young could realize how many useful things the world is waiting for, and could be taught to look for them. In an age of progress like this the most successful workers are those who find new and better ways. Encourage every sign of ingenuity. Tell a boy that any talent to think and do will bless the world, if it does not make his fortune. A lucky thought is a prize everywhere. It is a God-given gift. So is the brain that originates it. Tell him that.

"And tell him to leave stimulants and narcotics alone, and save his brain. I blame nobody but myself that I did not mind this caution when I was young; though it seems strange that not a soul ever warned me.

"At nineteen I was on the high road to success, and my skill was in quick demand; but I fell into fast company, and drank—drank until it became a habit to drink. I never shook off the curse till it ruined my faculties. Look at the wreck it has made of me. It is too late now. I cannot think to a point and my hand cannot make a perfect draft."

The unfortunate man had never expressed himself so freely before. He may never be heard from again. Life—as it seemed to his mood—had ceased to be worth living.

Every such example repeats once more to the youth of the land: "Your faculties are God-given gifts. Conquer temptation, and keep them whole."—*Forward.*

#### BABY'S WAY.

C. A. P.

"You are a naughty boy, Johnny; a very naughty boy, indeed. You are careless and disobedient. It seems as if I could not stand it any longer."

Johnny started for the door, looking very sullen.

Baby was sitting on the floor playing. "Johnny dood boy," she said, smiling sweetly up at him. His face softened a little, and he bent over and kissed her.

Mamma saw it, and it set her to thinking. Johnny was certainly very trying, but did she call him a good boy when he was good as readily as a naughty boy when he was naughty? And did not her continual complaints of his naughtiness make him worse rather than better?

"I'll try baby's way more after this," she said to herself, as she, too, stooped over and kissed the little monitor, who smiled sweetly up at her also, and said, "Mamma dood dirl."

When Johnny came back, still looking very unpleasant, mamma spoke kindly to him, and asked him to do something for her. His face cleared, and he quickly complied.